



**P**  
**Midams**  
**Wake**

Popular  
**COMIC SONG**

ARRANGED FOR THE

**PIANO**  
BY

**JOHN DURNAL.**



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# FINIGAN'S WAKE



J. DURNAL.

LIVELY.

They rould him up in a clane white sheet, An laid him out up - on the bed, With  
Tim Finigan lived in Walker street, He was a gintleman mighty odd, He was

eight dipped candles a - round his feet And a dozen at laste a - round his head;  
fond of a dhrop o' the crature nate, And to rise in the world he carried the hod;



Miss Biddy O' Brian be - gan to cry, Mrs

Now Tim one mornin' got rather full, His

*allegro.*

Fin-i-gan eried "a - sthore machree, Millia murther Tim darlin' och!

head felt heavy— his hands did shake, So he fell off the ladder and

why did you die?" "Arrah none o' yer prate" sez Judy Me Gee.

smashed his skull, And his friends took home the corpse to wake.

*a Tempo.*

### CHORUS.

With my phillaloo, hubbaboo, whack hur - roo boys, Didnt we sing till our

*Rollicking.*

jaws did ache, And shout and laugh 'till all was blue With the

fun we had at Fin-i-gan's wake?

3

Thin Peggy O'Connor took up the cry,  
 "Now Judy," sez she, "yer wrong I'm sure;"  
 But Judy soon gev her a belt on the eye,  
 Which left her sprawlin' on the flure.  
 Both sides in the row did soon engage,  
 ('Twas woman to woman, and man to man)  
 Shillelagh's and "nails"\* wor all the rage,  
 An' a "tarin'" ruction soon began.

CHORUS.

4

Micky Mulvany jist show'd his head,  
 When Tim Donavan flung a full quart at him,  
 It missed him, an' fallin' on the bed —  
 The liquor was spilt on the face of Tim;  
 Now the sperrits new life gev the corpse, my joy,  
 Tim jump'd like a Trojan from the bed,  
 Cryin' — whilst he wallop'd aitch girl an' boy —  
 "Tare an' ages, yer sowls, d'ye think I'm dead?"

CHORUS.

\* Finger nails, the women's weapons, of course.